

THE EVENING POST.

REASONABLE RETURN.

From the Boston Courier.

THE VOLUNTARY RETURN.

The winter is here.

And people are saying it looks like snow.

The snow is here.

Now makes men merry.

And the morning light is caused to flow.

ALWAYS WITH US.

For the winter is here.

The winter is here.

Is coming fast, with its wealth of cheer.

For the winter is here.

The winter is here.

When we sit with our girl near the parlor stove.

THE WINTER IS HERE.

The winter is here.

The winter is here.

For pleasures come to us every day.

The winter is here.

The winter is here.

Life is just as sweet as it was in May.

CONTRAST.

What our best be.

Let's look at the best.

For the winter is here.

The winter is here.

For we'll find much in our lives that is sad.

LOVE-MAKING IN THE SOUTH.

The next day after the affair at Burton's I went over to Andrews' Fork.

Seven or eight miles away, and was made heartily welcome at the largest of the three cabins.

Andrews had a daughter about 20 years old, and I soon understood that she was to be married next day.

Indeed, the lucky young man was on the ground and waiting. He was a six-footer, slim as a toothpick, awkward as a calf and dead in love. The girl was shy, but not to be bluffed by my presence.

When I entered the door the young man, who answered the name of Davy, ran out of the back. He felt confused and embarrassed, and, taking his seat on a log about thirty feet from the house, he hid his face as much as possible behind a sapling.

Then Mrs. Andrews called, but he put his finger in his mouth and would not come. Then his Susan went out and said:

"Now, Davy, what's the scrimmage? He's a handsome fellow to hurt us."

"I ain't hurt."

"Then come 'long in. All of us will be ashamed of ye."

"Got a headache," said Davy, as he hung back.

"Honest?"

"Yes, 'foul honest. Feels like it 'ud split."

"Shucks! You're bashful. You're afraid he'll poke fun at us!" But he won't, Davy. Pop's dun told him we're to fine, and he says it's right. He's a good fellow."

"For shore?"

"For shore, come in, Davy."

She came leading him by the hand, and I did my best to put him at ease. In this case I succeeded so well that after dinner he took me into his confidence.

We were lying under a tree, and I had given him the first cigar he ever saw, when he suddenly said:

"Would you run away?"

"What! From getting married?"

"Yes."

"No, sir-e-e! You are a lucky man to get such a girl."

"But folk'll laugh."

"Let 'em laugh."

"And wink and titter and make fun?"

"Pooh! What of it?"

"It's just that, but maybe I kin do it. I've killed bats and rattlers and wild cats, and I've had fights and rows, but this scares me."

I got him braced up after an hour's talk, and then we took a cut through the woods to see the new cabin, which had been erected for the bride and groom.

It was an humble structure made of poles, with no door to the doorway, and no sash in the window. The ground was beaten down hard for the floor, and there was a rude fireplace at one end, and a bedstead had been made of poles laid across the room.

Davy's mother had given him a bearskin, a kettle, a skillet and jug, and these were placed in a corner.

Susan's parents had given her a pan, a kettle, three tin plates, two spoons, two knives and forks, a bottle of vinegar, and these were placed in another corner.

The mountain men were my friends. They had gone to every trouble to oblige me, and here was an opportunity to requite their kindness. There was a genuine country store about a mile away, and I got rid of Davy and went down there. I had a little talk with the storekeeper, and wrote out a list of things, and he actually trembled as he said:

"Twelve hull dollars! Stranger you can't mean it!"

"Oh, I do."

"And all a free gift to Dave and Sue? Well, it beats anything I've seen these things in my time, but this clutters me!"

That evening Andrews and his wife had to go over to sit up with a sick neighbor, leaving me alone with the lovers. After the "sputter" had been given, Sue said to me:

"You won't kee, will you?"

"About what?"

"And pop said you wouldn't laff no titter."

"What?"

"Dave and me is goin' to court."

"Go right ahead, my dear girl. I am very near-sighted and I'd of hearing, and you needn't be afraid of me."

They sat down on the door-sill, and soon Dave quivered:

"Hain't nobody lookin', be thart?"

"Guess not."

"Then I'm goin' to!"

"No you hain't!"

"But I must, 'cause I orter!"

He put his arm around her waist and there was another long silence. Then he said:

"Kin I squeeze yer hand?"

"Noap."

"But I orter."

"Well, mebbe."

"And you hain't kissed me fur an hour."

"David!"

"But I orter be kissed. And you orter be kissed."

"Well, mebbe you know best."

"Course I know best. Haven't I killed bats and rattlers?"

"Cartin, fur I seed their hides."

"Don't sot way off thart, Susan. Sot clamer."

"Noap."

"But you orter. Your pop would say yer orter. Hain't we most married?"

"Well, mebbe I orter."

"We's gwine to be crackin' happy."

"Never git tired?" "Noap."

I went out to bed and left them there, and I shouldn't wonder if they put in most of the night at it. At about 10 o'clock next morning the people began to drop in, and at 11 the marriage took place. The groom had a weak spell, but he braced him up, and when the fatal mouse was adjusted and the trap sprung

his conduct was fair to medium. After dinner we formed in procession and escorted them to their new home. Almost everybody had come laden with a present of some sort. In the centre of the cabin was my surprise, and no crowd of people were ever so dumbfounded. Mrs. Andrews drew the articles out, and it took every one's breath as she shouted: "Teal tea and coffee and salubrious!" And here's the crowd of people and thread! And here's sugar and molasses and soap! And here's crockery—real crockery—and knives and forks and spoons and—

But all the women were crying by this time and all the men were trembling with excitement. They laid it onto me, and I had to own up, and then Andrews called out:

"Yere, Davy, Sue—git right down yere on yer knees and swar to the stranger that you'll pot-lock with him as his as long as he cides and waithers in runs, and may the Lord never desert him!"

And who could ask for a greater reward?

HIT HIM ON THE NOSE.

If Unarmed You Meet a Tiger in a Jungle, You'd Better Hit Him on the Nose.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

It is marvellous how few white men lose their lives from hunting, although their adventures and narrow escapes, especially from the tiger tribe, are numerous. A sub-commissioner, who is a magistrate for a sub-district, went out in the jungle one day to try and find a tiger which had been reported to him as having been seen near the village where he resided. There being no white man with him, he took a native sub-lieutenant, a native servant he took with him to carry his rifle, etc., not counting as an effectual aid.

He was walking leisurely along a path in the jungle, with only his walking stick in his hand. It happened to be a fine specimen of the grapevine cane, cut from a variety of vine which Hill had brought from the West Indies some years before. The cane had a natural knot or knob at a head, and was remarkably strong and flexible.

As he was looking about him from side to side a large tiger emerged from the thick undergrowth only a few yards in advance of him. Keeping his eyes fixed on the tiger, he saw that the tiger was looking at him with a look of intense interest.

Hill put his left hand cautiously behind him, telling his servant in a low tone to give him his rifle. The Hindoo up to this had been following closely in the footsteps of his master. Not getting the rifle handed to him Hill repeated the order in a louder tone, but again without any response. As the situation was becoming rather critical, and the tiger was evidently restless and anxious to get at him, Hill, unfortunately for himself, turned his head to see where his servant was, but the cowardly fellow had evidently fled at the sight of the dreaded beast. The brute, who had only been kept in check by the resolute gaze of the white man, took instant advantage of Hill's head being turned aside and made a spring, landing just in front of him.

Hill had no time to lose in thinking what was best to be done. He, however, with rare presence of mind, aimed a blow at the tiger's nose—a most sensitive part of the animal's body—and, luckily for him, hit his mark. This blow caused the tiger to stagger somewhat in his attack, and he had struck Hill's arm with one of his powerful paws and vanished in the jungle, whining as he went. Hill could recollect no more, for he fell down insensible, having fainted from pain.

The tiger, however, was not so easily deterred. He came back, and with a roar, he threw down the rifle, which was at his side, and came close to where Hill was lying, dead with fright and appraised the head man of his master's dangerous position.

The Burman villagers, who are no cowards, soon proceeded, with spears and other primitive weapons, into the jungle, and found Hill lying prostrate in the path.

A Shooting Affair in a Bank.

Two strangers from Arizona entered the St. Bernardine, Cal., National Bank yesterday.

One of them presented a check and asked that it be cashed. E. H. Moore, the cashier, told him he would be glad to do so.

Some words followed, when the stranger drew a revolver and shot Moore through the body.

The latter returned the fire, and put two bullets into his assailant's back, and he was fired in all.

The strangers were arrested and lodged in jail. It is believed that the men entered the bank with the design of robbery.

Cashier Moore was shot in the back, and the man who did the shooting gives the name of John Oakes, but refused to talk.

It is said that a third man, who has not been arrested, was seen trying the side door of the bank while the shooting was going on.

Oakes was shot in the arm, ear and back, but it is believed his wounds are not serious.

A Rich Turkey.

Probably the only man in Portland, Oregon, who found enough in his Thanksgiving turkey to pay for what he was worth, was Dan J. Moore of the Pioneer Wood Yard.

He paid \$8.50 for a nice big turkey, and when the Chinaman was dressing it he remarked, "Turkey heap rich," and exhibited \$5.00 in gold and silver in his gizzard.

The coin was worn rather thin from the friction with the gravel which all well-regulated turkeys use as a specific for indigestion, but it was worth \$5.00.

It is \$1.50 ahead on his turkey. It is better to be born lucky than rich.

Something New in Parlor Cars.

The Buffet Parlor Cars recently constructed by the Pullman Company for the new B. & O. Limited are the finest and most luxurious ever built by that famous corporation.

They are in service on the B. & O. trains between here and Philadelphia. Try them.

Manufacturers' Sacrifice Sale.

Child's Suits marked down to \$2 and \$3.50.

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Runners of an Improved Timing Watch for Next Season—Some of the Remarkable Performances in 1888—A Year That Was Prolific of Speedy Races.

Although "time" as a test of merit in racing has, during the last few years, ceased to be the factor it was ten or fifteen years ago, there is still a great fascination for it by all race-goers, and any attempt to shut down on the "timers" at a race meeting would be quickly resented by the public, says the Post-Dispatch.

The "watch" is still in great demand, says a New York dispatch, and the Coney Island Jockey Club at its last meeting aided the cause by putting up an automatic timer, which showed "fiftths" of a second in place of the old-fashioned quarters. The machine, however, did not work, and watches which would split on fiftths were used for the remainder of the meeting. There are rumors of the improved "timer" for next season, to be started and stopped by electricity, which will certainly be interesting to the general public.

Record-breaking, however, at short distances is not now a frequent occurrence. Many races were run during the past season that were very close to the record, much more so than is perhaps generally known, especially at distances of a mile or so and under. The quarter record is still held by the "unknown" Belle, who did it in 0:21 1/4. Alsie's three furlongs at Little Rock, Ark., in April, 1888, at 1:03 1/4, was reduced July 4, 1888, at 1:02 1/4, by the yearling, Dan B. At half a mile the 2-year-old Ollipias race, run at Saratoga, July 25, 1874, in 0:47 1/4, is still the best.

But those who saw the race have no trouble in remembering that the current report at the time was that it should have been 49 seconds. But a change was made by the timers, the 47 1/4 seconds has headed the half-mile record ever since. The most prominent performances at the distance during the season of 1888, are as follows: Galen, Washington, July 13, 1888, in 1:02 1/4; Genitilly, Louisville, September 19, 48 seconds; Typesetter, Los Angeles, Cal., April 11, 48 1/2 seconds.

Typesetter's performance was somewhat remarkable. It was a second heat in a four-year-old race, and he ran the third heat in 40 seconds.

The Goodwin Brothers give no records at four-and-a-half furlongs in their annual for 1888. But the best for the past season are: Minola, Latonia, July 2, 55 seconds; San Light, Louisville, September 28, 56 seconds.

At the regular distance of five furlongs a double record of an even "sixty pounds" headed the list at the beginning of the year, made by the 4-year-old filly Kitty Fosse, at Dallas, Tex., in November, 1887, which was followed by the well-known performance by Jim Renwick, with 115 lbs., at San Francisco, in November, 1888, of 1:00 1/4. These two records, however, were split at Jerome Park on October 2, by Sam Harper, Jr., who, with 115 lbs., is credited with winning over the straight five furlongs in 1:00 1/4. It is not a good record and the horses were well away from the post before the flag was dropped, a fact observed at the time by many of the reporters. The following are the next best: Britanic, Sheepshead Bay, July 14, 1:01; Jim B., West Side, Chicago, September 8, 1:01; Princess Bowling, Louisville, September 28, 1:01.

The best at five and a half furlongs run this year was the 3-year-old gelding Jim B., by Harlanway, at the West Side Park, Chicago, on August 20, in 1:00.

At no distance is the test of time more accurately made than at three-quarters of a mile; it is the distance that a majority of the 2-year-old stakes are run, and the young colts can carry full weight close to the record classes among the best, while even 3-year-olds and upward that can average close to record time at weight for age are classed as valuable property. At the beginning of the season the 2-year-old colt Oregon, by Monday, headed the record as having run at Salem, Ore., with 110 pounds, in 1:12 1/4. It was a doubtful performance.

The known record was 1:12 made by Force over the Louisville straight track, with 121 pounds, in September, 1888.

The best for 1888 was Tom Hood, Louisville, September 10, 1:10; Grimaldi, Monmouth, July 26, 1:13; Salisbury, August 4, 1:14; Proctor Knott, Monmouth, August 11, 1:14; Strideaway, Monmouth, August 11, 1:14; Lannes, Louisville, September 20, 1:14.

Of the above the races at Louisville were run on the straight track, while those at Monmouth were on the regular oval track.

Racing over the Thian course at Jerome Park introduced a new distance, 1,400 yards—the best performance was King Ernest, Cyclone colt, June 11, 1:21.

At seven furlongs Kingston's 1:27, made over the Sheepshead Bay track, with 118 pounds, September, 1887, is still the best.

The best at seven and one-half furlongs is that of the 3-year-old Leo H, with 95 pounds, run at Nashville on May 3 in 1:34.

The best mile for 1888 was Eolian, Sheepshead, June 27, 1:40 1/4.

Convenient Sleeping-Car Service.

A Pullman sleeper for Philadelphia leaves Washington on the 11:30 train via B. & O. R. R. The car is open for reception of passengers at 9 p. m., and can be occupied after arrival at Philadelphia until 7 a. m.

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1 PRIZE OF \$5,000 in.....5,000

1 PRIZE OF \$2,500 in.....2,500

1 PRIZE OF \$1,000 in.....1,000

1 PRIZE OF \$500 in.....500

1 PRIZE OF \$250 in.....250

1 PRIZE OF \$100 in.....100

1 PRIZE OF \$50 in.....50

1 PRIZE OF \$25 in.....25

1 PRIZE OF \$10 in.....10

1 PRIZE OF \$5 in.....5

1 PRIZE OF \$2 in.....2

1 PRIZE OF \$1 in.....1

1 PRIZE OF \$500 in.....500

1 PRIZE OF \$250 in.....250

1 PRIZE OF \$100 in.....100

1 PRIZE OF \$50 in.....50

1 PRIZE OF \$25 in.....25

1 PRIZE OF \$10 in.....10

1 PRIZE OF \$5 in.....5

1 PRIZE OF \$2 in.....2

1 PRIZE OF \$1 in.....1

1 PRIZE OF \$500 in.....500

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